American Story

Thoroughly enjoy two distinct phases
of the game...I almost said scam...
Fund-Raising and Fund-Razing.

In the first, urchins receive toys
through dewy layers of gauze.

Second, I get a car.

Almost time for #2! No pun intended.

Once I was British in car as slim.

Now, paunchy American Slob in Truck!

Move with the times.

Our Chief Accountant advises financially.
Lately, with a hint of jail time. (His Gallows
Humor keeps weakening, though.)

Oh well, that might be the necessary
sacrifice at the end of the orgy!

Not boring you, am I?

It’s the quintessential American Story!

LAW will lard its end.

I can sob, though…my ACE!